A Beautiful Day and a Brilliant Attendance.

The Troubles of a Father of a Family in Going to the Course.

The Scenes in the Pool Rooms and at the Race.

THREE SPLENDID RACES.

Battle-Axe Winner of the Kentucky Stakes, Strachino of the Summer Handicap and Duffy of the Steeple Chase.

SARATOGA, August 5, 1873. I do not know how it is that the sporting fraterity (I' use the term in its most respectable sense) are in such good luck generally in having fine weather whenever there is a race to be run. 1 reely confess that every once in a while we hear tell of a rain storm and a consequently heavy track and all the other discomforts too much mud and you never take notice how, as a rule, water can throw a course into; but did weather prevails when "meeting" either here, at Long Branch, or elsewhere? The fact is a stubborn one, and if I dn't stand in dread of a general julmination from irate pulpit orators for my irreverence. I would lay it down as part of my religious belief here and now that there is

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE THAT TAKES CARE OF RACING DAYS as well as the individual hairs of mortals generally, which might otherwise fall out and go to waste. Now, who hasn't at some remote period of his lifetime made great preparations for a church picnic or some religious out-door ceremony, and laid awake all the night before nervously meditating upon his new suit of clothes, thinking how gorgeous the brass buttons that made a bee line down the front of his monkey jacket from collar to waist would look in the daz zling sunlight, and then woke up the next morning whet I was a youngster I never knew this kind of thing to fail once, and yet in the matter of races, as I said before, the weather disappointments are the exception, by no means the rule. It is not for me to discuss the providential reasons for this proposition of mine or to argue why church doings should get rain-pelted any more than race horses; but the day that broke in upon us this morning, coupled with what I have experienced in the past under like circumstances, has led me into this weather-beaten track I have taken. And truly to-day did open "lovely," as the ladies have it. Last night we all went to I-that is, all who had a bed to go to, for we are just now all full-I mean the hotels are all full; and the last peep out of the blinds showed a pale, sickly looking moon, trying its best with ALL MOONSHINE POLITENESS

to return the peep through a mass of scowling is, the sight of which must have turned all the milk of human kindness in the Association's bosom be sorrest curds. Indeed, had Dr. Underwood seen fit to sell pools on the probabilities of the weather to-day before retiring to his virtuous couch, I know "a rainy day" would have brought first choice, with the moon and all the stars that now and then could be seen through the interstices of the moving clouds thrown into the "field" in a bunch, for I would have ventured a couple of pools myself, even if I had had to risk my beard bill settlement to do so. But just picture to yourself our joy when we got up this morning and found not the vestige of even a gilver cloud left—the air bracing, the sun sining brilliantly, and yet not too much inclined to get us into a fever heat, and withal a gentle, cooling breeze playing Merry Andrew through the green foliage of the trees. Can you wonder under the circumstances that everything was bustle (no joke here) and contusion among the ladies at all the hotels at a much earlier low for the warter and parcel of its attractiveness. The big bugs in their carriages, of course, swept along with all due regard to the disping one. The location of the hotels—wildering one. The location of the hotels—all in a bunch, as it were, with only the avenue as a dividing line—makes it all the family. To start for the course. To end the hotels—all in a bunch, as it were, with only the avenue as a dividing line—makes it all the family. To start for the course, the hotels—below the hotels—below the intersion of the hotels—all in a bunch, as it were, with only the avenue as a dividing line—makes it all the family. The location of the hotels—all in a bunch, as it were, with only the avenue as a dividing line—makes it all the family in the location of the hotels—all in a bunch, as it were, with only the avenu our than usual, and that even some of the gayest of the gaysome young gentlemen from painfully at two o'clock, were up again at sunrise. Why, one hour's sleep last night was worth a ole night of many of the nights we have had for weeks nast. It was not simply cool: it was down. right cold, and windows had to be closed in order

So you need not wonder that those who went to bed late were up as bright and cheerful as those who went to bed early. It is really surprising what a cool day in Summer can do in the way of driving away the blues. Talk about your Hathorn and your Congress water and all the rest, because drunk early, being the cause of the general cheerfulness that greeted you from every lace you passed on the plazza this morning! Humbug! Wasn't it only a day or two ago, when the thermometer was near the nineties even here, that everybody looked for all the world as lord of creation and beauties bright folied slaggishly in their chairs in the parabors and on the stoops, as though they had been FEEDING ON BROKEN DARNING NEEDLES and brass pinheads for a month! Yet they took their waters straight, as usual, and there was no evident change until the cool air came round and made everybody smile at everybody else. Match the weather of to-day against all the springs in Baratoga, say I, to rout Dyspepsia and all her retipue of horrid ills and gloomy speculations.

MOKRISSEY'S POOL BOOMS what a cool day in Summer can

that the interest centred last evening and early this morning. The Doctor, as usua, was on hand to do the honors, and all the boys from New York who come up here always to make a pile of money and don't always do it were on hand good and early. In fact, a casual glance about the room showed that many horse men, from all parts of the Union had put in an appearance. How many side familiar naces there were! I remember, years ago, travelling West and down South, and stumbling quite accidentally, you know, several times into a race course in many different places in different States, and it seems like yesterday to me now when I saw the same men bidding at the pools at those races, who were congregated here at the pools today. I thought the majority of them old then, yet they look just the same to-day. Rough and ready in their speech, sometimes vulgar, always self-confident, always pretending to know everything about every horse booked or not booked—there they sat this morning by the score in front of the doctor's table, with apparently not an additional wrinkle in fident, always pretending to know everything about every horse booked or not booked—there they sat this morning by the score in front of the doctor's table, with apparently not an additional wrinkle in their swartey faces, not a hair grown white, with voices as ringing as ever and step as elastic as if many long years had not rolled by since last I saw them here, there and everywhere where there was a pool to be sold or a good race to be run. Can it be that there is, after all, a something vitalizing in this search after ortune from year to year at the race course?—that the wandering about the stables

PROM RARLY MORN TILL DEWY EVE, on the look out for reliable news as to the probable condition of the racers for the morrow's test, the constant dinning in one's ears of horse, jockey, weight and distance, age and bottom, keep at bay the cares and anxieties from the horse man that make other men grow weak in step and bowed in form in a few years. It is a mystery to me, and I think it is a mystery to many others who know more about the affinity that is said to exist between the race horse and his owners and followers on the track than I can ever hope to know. They are most of them really oid men, are these turfites who, go where you will where the race is to be, be it South or North, East or West, are ever to be met with; but no one, I venture to say, could have picked out a really old man in appearance among the lot of them at the pools last night or this morning. True there is one of them I saw crossing the room with a heavy cane in his hand and limping badly, but wait till you see him on the course, when his pets are trotted out. You will see no cane then. His step becomes firm and steady, and he moves his bones about as lively as a youth of eighteen; the cane, all forgotten, lies under the liench on the grand stand. It may be that it is the knowledge the Doctor has of the innate youth in the men about him that makes him to-day so gilb prom EARLY MORN TILL DEWY EVE, owiedge the Doctor has of the innate youth in e men about him that makes him to-day so glib

rith his tongue, so RUNNING OVER WITH FUNNYISMS,

with his eyes fwinking a merry, mischievous light as he heid up his little book and called for first choice, it would have done your heart good, even if you were a Presbyterian minister. Listen! He calls and calls and gesticulates wildly, yet he gets no response. He knows the reason why. The lact is everybody is waiting for everybody else, Again does he appeal for favor. "My heavens! gentlemen, what has come over you since last we met? Has any other doctor been attending you?" Thoughthere is a laugh all around yet there is no reply. The clink-clink of the glasses at the bar goes merrily on, and here, there, now at one end and now at the other end of the coanter, there comes the popping report that tells of the at one end and now at the other end of the counter, there comes the popping report that tells of the champagne that is to be passed around. Denser grows the smoke from the cigars of the stolld horsemen; buzz-buzz hums the conversation, just as though the Doctor was twenty miles away. He takes in the situation at a glance, and exclaims, trying to look tearful, "I'll just wait ten minutes, thi you

as though the Doctor was twenty miles away. He takes in the situation at a glance, and exclaims, trying to look tearful, "I'll just wait ten minutes, till you

ALL HAVE A DRINK,
and I'll take a glass of wine from each of you," and, getting his gobiet he tosses it off instanter. He does'nt wait to accept the full extent of his own invitation. Not he, "Now, gentlemen, how much for first choice?" and as he wines the wine drops from his lips he looks about at Morrissey, who sits near by in a knowing way, as much as to say, "Now it's goin' to begin." How well the Doctor knows your everyday horseman! He knows he can't be pushed. He must be drawn by the gentic power of persuasion, for he comes to buy and he is going to take his own time about, it if he knows himseli, and he always thinks he does, whether he does or not. But everything has an end, and finally the good nature of the genial little man with the little book prevails, and the confusion of voices is hushed by a loud bid of \$100 for first choice. Then does the work go bravely on, the Doctor waxing eloquent between bids, and the spirit of rivairy once aroused drives ahead until the tin box is brim ful of greenbacks, \$and the Doctor becomes too husky for iurther badgering. It was as early as ten in the morning when the bustle and conjusion incident to preparing for the raccoourse came to a head among the ladies. I never saw them so eager to get away. And you can imagine the distress of paterfamilias under the circumstances. He had to get shaved, you know, because he had togothen all about it the day before, when he went to the trot, where people are not quite so particular about what they wear either in the way of fashionable clothes or smoothness of chin. It is strange how forgetful papas are when mamma and the girls are in a hurry to go some place. He either gets up in the morning late with a headache, which requires a cocktail down stairs to get rid of, and a good long-hour to take it with some friends who, having headaches like himself, must also have ling

ner lie.
"And what am I to do ?" chimed in another yet younger, who likewise was drossed, if not elegantly enough for a race course, at least elegantly enough for a race course, at least elegantly enough for a ball room. Need I say that papa SURRENDERED AT DISCRETION

after this general fire all round, and sipped his coffee moodily. I saw mamma and the young lasies on the grand stand a little before noon in most gorgeous apparel, but papa was not with them; so I am left in doubt as to whether they came away while he was getting another cocktail down stairs, with Mr. Jones, to drown his sorrows in, or whether after, the ladies' tollet was over he had, been locked up in his room as condign punishment for his naughty conduct of the morning. But Jones' iriend was an exception to the general rule of papas, for hundreds of them were out on the piazzas by nine o'clock, and by ten were ready, with "all the family," to start for the course. To a person who never saw the "start" from the

tiveness. The big bugs in their carriages, of course, swept along with all due regard to the display necessary for the occasion. The liveries were all out, but the way the grand carriages filed along to a "commoner" looked stiff and staid, as though these same big bugs knew that all the little bugs crawing along on the sidewalk were looking at them to set an examine of aristocratic bearing, as the latter could not, from circumstances totally beyond their control, do the thing themselves. The buses and the ordinary hacks, however, made up for the stiffness of the more pretentions vehicles. They were filled inside to suffocation, every one of them, and the roofs in many instances were seized upon as desirable eyries not only to rest cosily in, but also to get a good view of everything going on along the route. The dust on the road was nicely laid, and so all whizzed along at a galloping gait. From the hotels to the course there was a constant race between bus and hack and, mattree eaz, the liveried turnouts had for safety's sake to keep A KKEN EYE TO THEIR WHEELS, lest some reckless commoner of a Jehu, in his struggles to outdo his competing neighbor from a rival hotel, might take hub and all to the windward, regardless of future Coroners' inquests. It was a crush, a rush, and the devil take the hindmost all the way, ond shout and song and jeer and yell of defiance awoke the echoes around as all sped on merrily to the rendezvous. At last it was reached, and such a crowd! The grand stand was jammed, the quarter stretch black with people, and the second stand had all it could comiortably hold. The ladies were out in immense numbers, and the sarray of sliks and satins and laces, and diamonds that glistened here and there like stars in a dark sky, formed a pleasing contrast to the more sombre attire of the gentlemen who were their companions. I was particularly struck with the number of oid gentlemen present with a clerical look that would have—if met with in the vestibule of a church—made one's heart sink at the mer

I was groping my way among the carriages as they drove up and deposited their quota of youth and beauty to

ADD BRILLIANCY TO THE GENERAL SCENE,
I caught sight of a pale face peering out between the half-closed curtains of a coach. I recognized the face at once as beionging to a white chokered clergyman, whom I had met with on the boat coming from New York. All the way up to Albany he was talking salvation, and damnation too, with a group of young men, one of whom was, I was sorry to know, a very infidel in his talk. The clergyman denounced all fast living and followings, Saratoga races thrown in. This was a revelation to me, then, this face at the carriage window. I waited events and saw him get out, and with no white choker this time, enter the gate and take a place on the grand stand. I approached him.

"Glad to meet you again, sir." He looked at me as though I was a crocodile come to devour him. Recognizing me in a minute aiterward, his face grew livid and his hand trembled as he held it out to me. He tried to smile, but the effort was a sickly failure.

"Yes, y-e-s. I'm glad to meet you again," and he looked around as though to find out whether there was not a handy back door to boit through.

"So you've come to the races, have you?" and I looked at him askance.

"Yes, sir," he replied, bristling up, "I've come to see for myself what this

BUSINESS, SO FASCINATING TO SINNERS, really looks like, so that I should be the better able to picture it some day in all its sinfulness to my people."

This was too much for me, and I bade him good-

really looss like, so much for me, and I bade him goodby and left him, ostensibly to leave the course.
It is like a dream to me that I saw him afterward
near the pool seller, with a white ticket in his
hand. He will certainly do the world good some
day in quitting the sinfulness of racing—that is in he
lost on the hurdle race, which I think he did, for
Blind Tom was his favorite. In conclusion I need not add, I think, when you
come to read the full account of the racing given
below, that everything passed off splendidly, and
the turce races seemed to give everybody an immense fund of enjoyment. "A very pretty sight,"
as I heard a lady call it, occurred just before the
first race, when Visigoth, actung ugly, would not
obey his jockey's rein and go up to
the line. He finally lost his temper, and
rearing on his hind legs so that he fairly stood upright, he pawed the air like a trained poodle for
several seconds. What made the sight "very
pretty," as the lady I refer to remarked, was the
way the little jockey stuck to his seat, his
body being at right angles from the horse's back:

could not conquer, gave up the fight, and dropping his fore feet to she ground, allowed himself to be led quietly to the starting point. This little scene created quite a lively excitement among the ladies, who rewarded the lockey, who was partly the cause of the exhibition, with a hearty round of applause. In the second race a little mite of a boy, the son of the late Tom Sayres, made his first public appearance as a lockey. He rode Mary Constant, and, although the little chap's legs seemed scarcely able to straddle the horse's back, let alone reach a stirrup, no matter how high up at his side, he rode through the race right gallantly. The steeple-chase created immense excitement and gloriously

CROWNED THE DAY'S SPORT.

As I left the grand stand along with the crowd heard a young lady poutingly remark to a lady friend, "Well, I don't think it is fair. George made me bet on Blind Tom, and I do believe he'd won if he wasn't blind."

I need only say that Blind Tom is blind only in hame; but what can you expect here among lady betters, when even some of the old sports to-day went it so blind in the pools that they "had their eyes opened" before they got home?

THE RACING.

The track was in most excellent condition for Rapid running was anticipated, and nobody was Three races came off. These were the Kentucky Stakes, for two-year-olds, one mile the Summer Handicap, for all ages, two miles, and a steeple-chase handicap of about three miles.

The Kenner Stakes had thirty-seven nominations, eight of which came to the post. These were D. McDaniel & Co.'s bay filly Fleur Ange, by Learnington, dam by Arlington; Hunter & Traver's bay colt King Pin, by Lexington, dam Eltham Lass; John F. Chamberlin's bay colt Visigoth, by Asteroid, dam Vandalia, by Vandal; W. Cottrill's bay filly Bannerette, by Lexington, dam Banner; J. A. Grinstead's bay colt by Gilroy, dam sister to Ruric; W. M. Conner's chestnut coit Stampede, by War Dance, dam Dolly Morgan: P Morris' bay colt Battle Ave. by Mon day, dam Ruthless; M. A. Littell's bay colt Reform, by Learnington, dam Stolen Kisses. Mr. Grin-stead's coit and Battle Axe sold for the largest it was a capital race, and was won by Battle Axe by a neck, Grinstead's colt second, King Pin third. The Summer Handicap had twenty-six nominations and seven acceptances. The following came Constant, by War Dance, dam Lass of Sidney, years old, 82 lbs.; Hunter & Traver's imported lack colt Strachino, by Parmesan, dam May Bell, 87 lbs.; Isaac W. Pennock's bay colf by Vandal. dam Margravine, 4 years old, 102 lbs.; A. C.

Gam Margravine, 4 years old, 102 los.; A. C. Franklin's bay mare Arizona, by Lexington, dam Zone, 5 years old, 197 los. Strachino was a great favorite over the field. He won the race very easily, Arizona being second, Pennock's colt third. Mary Constant showed temper and was leit at the post. She was beaten before she started.

The steeple-chase had ten entries, seven of which statted in the race. These were D. J. Bannatyne's brown horse Dnifty, by Hunter's Lexington, dam Oilo, aged, 160 lbs.; C. J. Alloway's chestnut horse Tradewind, by Lighthinz, dam by Revenue. 5 years old, 184 lbs.; Jo Donanue's brown horse Blind Tom, by Star Davis, dam Margravine, aged, 150 lbs.; W. Kerwin's chestnut gelding N. P., by Wagram, dam a common mare, aged, 150 lbs.; Jo Donahue's chestnut gelding George West, by Asteroid, dam Kate Hayes, 4 years old, 148 lbs.; H. Lloyd's bay horse Viley, by Unce Vic, dam Silver, aged, 145 lbs.; G. Bell's oay colt Victor, by Uncie Vic, dam Sally Russel, 4 years old, 140 lbs. Duily had the call in the betting, Donanue's entries being second in favor. One of the finest races that ever took place in this country was the result. All the horses with the exception of Viley went the course and never made a mistake, the jumping being the prettiest that was ever seen. Duffy soon took the lead and kept it to the end, winning a most capital race.

The First Race.

The First Race. THE KENTUCKY STAKES for two-year-olds; \$100 ntrance, \$50 forfeit, \$1,000 added by the associa-

THE KENTUCKY STAKES for two-year-olds; \$16 entrance, \$50 forieit, \$1,000 added by the association. One mile.

F. Morris' b. c. Battle Axe, by Monday, dam Ruthless (Sparling).

J.-A. Grinstead's b. c., by Gilroy, dam Sister to Ruric (McClellan).

Hunter & Travers' b. c. King Pin, by Lexington, dam Etham Lass (Gray).

W. Cottril's b. f. Bannerette, by Lexington, dam Banner (A. Lakeland).

W. M. Conner's e.h. c. Stampede, by War Dance, dam Dolly Morgan (Evans).

M. A. Litteil's b. c. Reform, by Leamington, dam Stolen Kisses (Donalue).

J. F. Chamberlin's b. c. Visigoth, by Asteroid, dam Vandolia (Hugnes).

D. McDaniel & Co.'s b. c. Fleur Ange, by Leamington, dam by Arlington (King).

Time, 1:45%.

Time, 1:45%.

Battle Axe. \$100 350 400 500 500 250
Grinstead. 50 255 300 335 360 170
King Pin. 40 220 295 300 350 160
Cottrill. 35 90 135 125 130 105
Field. 30 100 150 130 135 90

THE RACE.

After half an hour was wasted in getting the twoyear-olds in line, they were finally despatched to a
capital start. Bannerette showed her head in front,
Grinstead's colt second, Visigoth third, King Pin
fourth, the others close up. As they passed around
the upper turn Visigoth drew out, and at the quarter pole he led two lengths, Grinstead second, a
head in advance of King Pin, the latter being a
neck in front of Reform, who was half a length in
advance of Battle Axe, Stampede sixth, Bannerette neck in front of Reform, who was half a length in advance of Battle Axe, Stampede stxth, Bannerette seventh, Fleur Ange eighth. Visigoth maintained the lead down the backstretch, but the others closed rapidly on him at the half-mile pole. He led past that point a neck, Grinstead second, a neck in advance of King Pin, Battle Axe close up, the others following as best they could. At the three-quarter pole Grinstead seemed to have the best of it by a nead, King Pin and Battle Axe side and side, half a length in front of Visigoth. Bannerette fifth, Reform sixth, Stampede seventh, Fleur Ange eighth. A beautiful run up the homestretch terminated with a victory to Battle Axe by a neck, Grinstead second, four lengths in advance of King Pin, who was about five lengths in Iront of Bannerette, the latter being two lengths

Fear.	Winner.	Sire.	Subscribers.	Sturte s	Time
1870	Harry Bassett	Lexington.	40	29.68	1:51%
1871	Sue Ryder	Knight of St. George	31		1:47%
1872	Silkstocking	Kentucky	40		1:52
1873	Battle Axe	Monday	37		1:45%

THE SUMMER HANDICAP, for all ages; \$100 entrance, half foreit, \$20 if declared; twenty-six nominations, four starters.

Hunter & Travers' blk. c. Strachino, by Parmesan, dam May Bell, 3 years old, 87 lbs. (Milli-

Arizona...... 105 Pennock's, colt... 140 Mary Constant... 85

Mary Constant... 85)
THE BACE.
Strachino was first away, Pennock's colt second,
Arizona third, Mary Constant being left at the post
until the others were one hundred yards away.
The horses ran around the upper turn nose and
tail, and as they passed the quarter pole Strachino
was first, Pennock seeded, Arizona third, Mary
Constant for behind, but running at the two of the The horses ran around the upper turn nose and tail, and as they passed the quarter pole Strachino was first. Pennock seednd, Arizona third, Mary Constant far behind, but running at the top of her speed and closing rapidly. At the half-mile pole Strachino was one length ahead of Pennock, the latter two lengths in advance of Arizona, who was four or five lengths ahead of Mary Constant. Rounding the lower turn the horses were two lengths apart, Strachino first, Pennock second, Arizona third, Mary Constant lourth. Coming up the homestretch the page was increased, and as they passed under the wire at the end of the first mile Strachino led one length, Pennock second, five lengths ahead of Arizona, the latter eight le gths in front of Mary Constant, she having been run out in trying to catch the others after her unfortunate start. Going into the second mile Strachino, Pennock and Arizona, Mary Constant still struggling on behind. There was no change of places down the backstretch, and as the horses passed the half-mile pole Strachino was a length ahead of Pennock, the latter being iour lengths in advance of Arizona. The mare made a dash on the lower turn and soon was up with Pennock. Strachino led into the homestretch, between Arizona and Pennock's coit, on which a considerable amount of money had been wagered, ended by Arizona beating Pennock two lengths. Strachino won the race very easily by a length. Mary Constant was lar behind. Time of the two miles, 3:36%.

ar.	Winner.	Age.	Sire.	Weight	Subscribers.	Starters	Time.
0	Nan'e Douglas Hamburg Detender	4 6 5 3	Rogers Lexington John Morgan Parmesan	102 106 105 87	11224	25334	4:2834 4:01 4:2434 3:3654

The Third Race. STREPLY CHASE, a free handicap for all ages:

Joseph Donaine's ch. g. George West, by Astegoid, dam Kate Hayes, 4 years old, 143 lbs: (Saffney).
G. Beil's b. c. Victor, by Uncle Vic, dam Sally Russell, 4 years old, 140 lbs. (Midgeley) s.
C. J. Alloway's ch. h. Trade Wind, by Lightning, dam by Revenue, 5 years old, 154 lbs. (Hyland).

for the first time in the race he made a blunder. He swerved as he jumped and crossed in Iront of Blind Tom, and nearly tell down when he landed. His rider skilfully reseated himself in the saddle, and taking a good pull on Dudy, aroused him again to action, and responding gamely he came home a winner of the race by two lengths, Blind Tom second, George West a good third, Victor fourth, Trade Wind afth. A long way off came N. P. Time of the race 5:48%.

SARATOGA SPORT.

Pool Selling for the Lorillard Pigeon Shooting Match-A Breckenridge Stake for Three-Year-Old Horses.

SARATOGA, August 5, 1873. Pools are selling to-night on the pigeon shooting to take place to-morrow at Glen Mitchell between Ira A. Paine, of New York; Captain Bogardus, o Eikhart, Ill.; Harvey A. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio; Abe Kleinman, of Chicago, Ill.; T. H. Turrell, of Chicago, Ill., and E. Garrison, of Syracuse, N. Y., for the Lorillard medal and a sweepstake \$100 each, at forty birds each, thirty yards rise, from five traps, English rules, Paine selling first choice for \$20; Kleinman for \$12; Bogardus \$11; Garrison, Turrell and Brown, \$6 each. The shooting is fixed to begin at four o'clock. Some little sensation has been created among turfmen here this evening by the institution of a new stake, which was originated at a dinner party given at the lake this atternoon. It is to be called the Breckenridge stakes for three-year-oids, to be run over the Maryland Jockey Club on the last day of the Fall meeting in 134; two miles. The eatrance is \$500, the following gentiemen at once subscribing:—Oden Bowie, F. Morris, H. P. McGrath, James A. Grinstead, John A. Morris, J. W. Hunt Reynolds, John F. Chamberlain and M. H. Sandford. At the solicitation of many turfmen the stake was reopened, and it will now close on the list of October, It is also asserted that Mr. James A. Grinstead has sold the two-year colt by Giroy, out of Sister to Ruric, that ran second to Battle Axe, to-day for \$3,500, to Mr. Thomas Purgar for Messrs. Dennison & Crawlord. shooting is fixed to begin at four o'clock.

CLOUD, THE ROWER.

Arrival of the Voyageur to New Orleans at Pittsburg-The Worst of the Task Completed and the Rest Easy. PITTSBURG, Pa., August 5, 1873.

o New Orleans in a working boat, arrived in this city this morning. Although 145 days is the time fixed upon for completing the whole distance, he expresses himself as being able to accomplish the ionrney in 125 days. The boat he rows in is a substantially built double ender, weighing sixty It is fifteen and a half feet long and three feet eight inches in breadth of beam. Cloud is a man of excellent physique-tall, well proportioned, of strong, well knit frame, with muscles of iron, large bony hands, &c. He wears a moustache and goatee, with small side whiskers. He is in sailor costume, blue shirt, pantaloons and cap. He looks like a man who would carry out anything he had set his mind upon. He complains of the way he was delayed at different looks along the canais. Lockkeepers evidently were not interested in sporting matters, and regarded him more in the light of a nuisance than anything else. Cloud leaves this city to-morrow morning. He was sadly in need of rest when he arrived here, and immediately went to sleep in his crait. From here his road is an easy one, down stream all the way, no obstructions of any sort to interfere with his onward progress. The affair is practically decided already. He has gotten over the worst part of his route now. All his rowing up stream is over with, and unless some unforeseen event occurs like cholera, cramps or an earthquake he will have plain sailing all the way. He intends rowing twenty-flive miles daily from this point, reaching Cairo in forty days, a distance of 1,000 miles, and from Cairo to New Orleans, a distance of 1,200, in about forty-eight days. and goatee, with small side whiskers. He is in

HUDSON RIVER NEWS.

Railroad Collisions and Accidents-Fight Among Roughs-A Child Killed by

Six freight cars were smashed up on the Hudson River Railroad at Coxsackie station about eight o'clock last evening. A freight train was being hauled from the switch to the main track and had got partly over when another freight train came cars of the switching train were upset on the last bank and the sixth was knocked into pieces. By

cars of the switching train were upset on the last bank and the sixth was knocked into pieces. By daylight the obstructions were removed and all trains were running regularly again.

Mr. William Johnson, a resident of Brooklyn, met with a scrious accident on the Hudson River Railroad yesterday. He was a passenger on the eight A. M. train from New York, and as the train was passing over the New Hamburg drawbridge, his arm, which was outside of the car window, came in contact with the fron work of the bridge and was broken at the elbow. He came to this city, when Dr. John R. Cooper attended to the injured limb, and Mr. Johnson returned to Brooklyn.

The steam yacht Lurine, Commander Philip Phœnix, is in these waters with a pleasure party on board, en route for Hudson, Columbia county.

There was a desperate light among roughs at Coxsackie, N. Y., last evening. The desperadoes accompanied an excursion party from Albany. Pistols and knives were freely used, and report says that one man was fatally injured.

In conversation with a gentleman yesterday Mr. Dennis, of the New Jersey Transportation Company, stated that three new railroads are now building in New Jersey to ennect with the Hudson River bridge at Poughkeepsie. The work of constructing the bridge will be let out by contract to the lowest bidder as soon as the triangulatory surveys now in progress are completed.

Coroner Builock, of Cold Spring, is holding an inquest to-day upon the body of a little girl who died from drinking whiskey. She was sent after the rum by her parents.

TAKEN TO THE MORGUE.

An unknown man was brought to the Morgue from the Eighth precinct station house, age about twenty-five, five feet seven inches high, light beirchin whiskers and mustache; had on blue fiannel sack coat and pants, white shirt, gray knit under shirt, mixed brown cotton socks and boots, white straw hat, with black band. On his person were jound an excursion ticket from New York to Bergen Point, dated August 4, 1873; \$1 in currency and a black rubber mustache comb. The body was photographed and placed in the Morgue.

A PRISON FRACAS.

Attempt of a Massachusetts Convict to Murder a Warden-An Exciting Affair in Charlestown-General Chamberlain Assaulted with a Shovel in the State Prison-The Would-Be Murderer Shot. CHARLESTOWN, Mass., August 5, 1873.
A tragic affair, which threatened dangerous con-

sequences, occurred in the Massachusetts State Prison in this city, this afternoon. General Chamberlain, the Warden, while making his customary rounds of the institution, stepped into the clothing repair shop. Among other convicts engaged there was one named Daniel Whelton, who at the time was walking up and down the room. The Warden paid no particular attention to the man, but passed on up a pair of stairs to a room above. Whelton immediately followed, but went up two flights to the bronze snop, and, not seeing the Warden there, he made an errand to the overseer, Officer Owen, the successor of Sargent, recently discharged. His question was about a woman who came to see him last Fall, and which the officer knew nothing about; and as he turned away Wheiton muttered something about having Chamberlain's "damned life." The prisoner then went to the head of the stairs just as the Warden came up from the lower story and the latter, seeing the convict away from his legitimate place, went to Officer Owen and asked him what his errand had been, when he informed General Chamberlain of what had taken place. The Warden then proceeded down stairs to the repair shop, whither Whelton had returned, and asked him by whose authority ne had left the shop. He replied that it was with out the permission of any one. He then began to talk upon the same subject which he made the excuse for his visit to Officer Owen's shop. The Warden them asked him if his head felt bad and he re piled that it did not. General Chamberlain then told him he had better put on his jacket and go along with him. This seemed to inflame Whelton and he asked in an excited manner if he was to be

and he asked in an excited manner if he was to be locked up. The Warden told him he was, waereupon he ran and seized a large shovel standing in one corner of the shop, used in handling coal, and ran toward General Chamberlain, with the weapon raised above his head, as it he intended to strike him. It was but

for the Warden to draw the small sized revolver which he had in his pocket, and covering the man, waited for him to come nearer, he intending to wait until the motion to strike was actually made, and then shoot the man. Whelton, however, suddenly stopped, and with lightning-like rapidity hurled the shovel, blade first, suil at the face of the Warden. For this the Warden was unprepared, and he could not escaye the blow. The blade of the shovel, either cutting through the brim and crown of his straw hat, which had the effect to lessen the force of the blow somewhat, it struck him perpendicularly on the right side of the face, cutting open his eyebrow and opening his face near the nose, quite to the bone, making what at first appeared to be A MORTAL WOUND.

Half stunned and half blinded as he was, he aimed his pistol at the convert and discharged it. The ball entered his left side, and striking the

Half stunned and half blinded as he was, he aimed his pistol at the convict and discharged it. The ball entered his left side, and striking the tenth rib, cracked it and then glanced into the fleshy part of the body, where it still remains. No sooner had Whelton received the shot than he sprang for a second shovel, when General Chamberlain fired again, the ball hitting the shovel and glancing of, injuring no one. Before he could advance upon the Warden with his second weapon the convicts in the shop grabbed the would be murderer, and, although he struggled violefity to free himself and renew his altack, he was beld until the arrival of an officer from outside the shop, when he was secured and taken to the hospital, where his wound was and probed by dressed Dr. Latimer, the assistant physician of the institution. Warden Chamberlain went to his office, where his wounds were dressed. Although his injuries are in no wise dangerous, he will, in all probability, bear the marks of the assault for the remainder of his days. If the blow hat been received upon the other cheek, the bone of which was broke in an engagement while in the service of his contarty, it would have been attended with fatal results. Whelton,

Whelton,

THE WOULD-RE MURDERER,
a powerful man, some thirty-three years of age, and was sentenced here September 9, 1871, for a term of three years for making a murderous assault upon Officer Foster, of Boston, with a brick. He has been punished several times by the Warden or disobeying the rules of the institution. The attack, it is surmised, is a premeditated affair, as on the 23d of July the Warden received a piece of paper upon which was drawn a picture of a man enclosed in a coffin, and which bore the following inscription printed with a pen: inscription printed with a pen :-

Chamberlain, beware! Resign or meet your fate with

This was signed "K. K. K."

Several convicts are supposed to be knowing to the lact that an attempt was to be made to take the Warden's life, and that Whelton was merely a tool. It is believed that the affair is also one of the results of the recent false charges made against the management of the institution by an officer who some time since received his discharge, and these charges, coming to the ears of the convicts, stimulated them to insubordination, resulting in a murderous attempt upon the life of the Warden, who, by the way, is very unpopular with the prisoners. This was signed "K. K. K."

A PROMISING EXECUTIVE.

Blaine, Greatly Agitated Because the President Cannot Visit Augusta-A

PORTLAND, Me., August 5, 1873. General Grant is not coming to Maine this week, after all. For four weeks now he has been expected, having made regular weekly promises for a month and broken them just as regularly. The people in Maine are greatly disappointed, and Speaker Blaine is sad and indignant. One of the motives of the President's proposed visit, so far as Blaine is concerned, is said to have been to secure the appointment of Lot M. Morrill to the vacant Chief Justiceship, and thus leave the track clear for Blaine's election to the United States Senate. Following closely upon the revelations in regard to this matter came the announce ment that President Grant was to be present a the reunion of the army and navy of the Guli to make it appear that this retuion was the chief incentive of his trip to Maine, and his visit to Blaine one of the incidents that could not well be avoided, after having come so hear the Speaker's home. Of tourse the man elected by the suffrages of the republican party could pot refuse to take a smoke with the Chairman of the Republican State Committee in Maine.

or course the man elected by the suffraces of the republican party could pot refuse to take a smoke with the Chairman of the Republican State Committee in Maine.

Everything looked favorable for the successful issue of the plans until yesterday, when telegrams between Augusta, Portland, Boston, Long Branch and Washington flashed at frequent intervals along the wires. Hotels and railroads were notified of the expected sudden apparition of the Presidential party, and everybody, that is everybody whom it was the pleasure of those in the secret to notify, was on the qui ciee. In this city especial preparations were made. Pulman cars were recaled from their regular trips, swept and garnished and secon envential side tracks ready for attachment to the hall-past eight or half-past twelve trains to-tay, and the unconscious pleasure seeker and man of business was to be ushered into the presence, not in the same cars of course, but upon the same train, of the angost riner of the United States.

Late in the afternoon it was announced in a semi-official sort of way that a Cabinet meeting was to be held on Friday and the President was to preside. More anxiety and more private telegrams were the immediate result. Still there was hope that the President would oreak from his usual habit of disappointing everybody this time, because he had promised so faithfully, and, as he was the successor of the "hatchet" owner, of course he could not tell a lie. This hope was doomed to be crushed, however, and later still Speaker Blaine was informed that the President was not coming to-day. Between that time and his Cabinet meeting there is not time for his visit, and it is greatly feared it will be abandoned altogether.

AID FOR THE PORTLAND SUFFERERS. A Grand Ball at Long Branch to Help the Good Cause. LONG BRANCH, August 5, 1873.

A meeting was held to-night of gentlemen interested in the project of a grand promenade con cert and ball at the Ocean Hotel, the proceeds o the sale of tickets to be devoted to the fund for the the sale of tickets to be devoted to the fund for the relief of the Portland sufferers. It was decided to noid the entertainment next Saturday. General Grant will give the sanction of his name as one of the patrons, but will not attend, as the family of mourning. Generals Babcock and Porfer, Senators Stockton and Freingnaysen, the Mayors of New York and Philadelphia, ex-Collector Murphy and other prominent sojourners at the Branch are on the list as managers.

Action of the Mayor of Portland. SAN FRANCISCO, August 5, 1873.

The Mayor of Portland has appointed a relief committee to raise funds in aid of the sufferers by the late fire. He desires the committee to seek relief at home without calling upon other commit-tees in the West and East unless absolutely neces-

BUFFALO PARK

First Day of the Eighth Annual Trotting Meeting.

Ten Thousand Spectators Present-Mambrino Gift the Winner of the 2:34 Purse and Nettie the 2:27 Contest.

BUFFALO, August 5, 1873. The weather on this the first day of the eighth annual meeting of the Buffalo Park Association has been remarkably fine, with a pleasant breeze from the Niagara River blowing over the course-Harvey Dodworth, with a band of twenty-one pieces, occupied the music stand and played selections in in the table of the selections in the selection in arge as anticipated, there being not more than ten thousand persons on the grounds. No horses have been withdrawn save those I mentioned last night. Previous to the racing the pools sold in the 2:34 race as follows:-Mambrino Gift, \$50; Maloney, \$30; Manhattan, \$20; Fleid, \$20. In the 2:27 race Nettie sold three to one against all entries. THE 2:34 CONTEST.

First Heat .- There were six attempts to score. and the start was further delayed by Caledonia Chief custing a shoe. The horses finally got off a little after three o'clock, . Manhattan first by half a length, Mambrino Star second, the others bunched. On the turn Mambrino Star was in front, with the Gift half a length behind and closing rapidly. Before reaching the quarter pole they were nock and neck, and at that point the Gift went ahead. On the backstretch the three first horses were in Indian file, the Gift leading the Star by a length, Maloney a length in the rear and the others logging along several lengths behind, with Zilcaddie Golddust at their nead and in the fourth position. They kept this order till they approached the three-quarter pole. where they began to bunch, forming two groups. They crossed the score Gift first, three-quarters of a length ahead of the Star, who was two lengths ahead of Maloney, who was one length ahead of Zilcaddie Golddust, who was four lengths ahead of Kate Gilbert, Bay Henry sixth, Manhattan seventh, Planter eighth, Barney Kelley ninth and Caledonia Chief tenth. Time, 2:2614.

Second Heat.—Barney Kelley got away first,

Mambrino Gift following close and the Star third. Going around the turn Kelley led by two lengths, Mambrine Gift second, two lengths ahead Mambrine Gift second, two lengths ahead of Planter, who went up and gave his place to Mambrine Star. On the backstretch they were strung with the Gift and Keliey neck and neck, five lengths ahead of Stewart Maloney. The Gift broke badly, tailing back a length at the half mile. The same positions were maintained at the three-quarter pole. The Gift seemed to have the best of Keliey coming home, the latter trotting closely, however, and just before getting to the score the Gift went of his feet, letting Keliey in, who rassed under the string two lengths ahead of the Gift, who was three lengths ahead of Maloney, Mambrino Star fourth, Chief fifth, Gibert sixta, Zidaddie seenth, Mannattan eighth, Planter distanced. Time, enth, Mannattan eighth, Planter distanced. Time,

2.25 ½.

Third Heat.—Mambrino Gift had the lead naif a length ahead of Mambrino Star and Barney Kelley, who were neck and neck. Before reaching the pale the Star fell back to third place and on the backstretch the horses were all strang out, the Gift having the lead by two lengths, which kelley was fast closing, Maloney third. Kelley left his feet when upon the point of an effort for first place, and fell back to third. Maloney passing to second, Kelley then went ahead, taking second place at the half mile, and soon reduced the distance to the Gift, who only led him a length at the three-quarter pole. Coming up the stretch Kelley went to the front, but left his feet when near the score, letting the Gift take the heat by a length, Kelley second, Maloney third, Star fourth, Chief fifth, Licaddie sixth, Henry seventh, Manhattun eighth and Giftert mith. Time, 2:27%.

Fourth Heat.—Manhattan had half a length the start, Mambrino Gift and Caledonia Chief second and third, side by side. On the turn the Gift got half a length ahead of Kelley, who was a neck ahead of Maloney, he three lengths ahead of Manbrino Star. On the backstretch the rear horses fell into file, Maloney and Kelley neck and neck, the Gift a length in front. Maloney then closed on Mambrino Gift, leaving Kelley bealind, but broke on the stretch, and Mambrino Gift crossed the score a neck in advance, Kelley third, the Star Fourth, Chief fifth, Henry sixth, Manhattan seventh, Goldust eighth, Kate Gifbert in hith. Time, 2:30.

SUMMARY.

SUMPALO PARK, BUFFALO, N. Y., Algues 5, 1873.—First Day of the Eighth Annual Meeting—Purse \$4,000, for horses that have never beaten 2:34; mile least, best three in five, in harness; \$2,000 to first, \$1,000 to second, \$600 to third, and \$400 to fourth horse. 2014. Third Heat.—Mambrino Gift had the lead naif a

dust. 4
Thomas Brown's s. s. Caledonia Chief. 10
J. J. Bowen's b. m. Kate Gilbert. 5
Grayas & Logonia' b. g. Roy Henry. 5 Graves & Loomis' b. g. Bay Henry...... 6 9 7 Alexander Patterson's br. s. Manhattan. 9 8 8 John W. Wright's ch. g. Planter.
Benjamin Mace's r. g. Walter...
Dan Mace's ch. s. Fearnaught...
P. Daly's bik. g. Arthur
T. I. Sullivan's b. m. Belle (formerly Bay

PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS.

Kate the Winner of the \$200 Match. Three handred gentlemen assembled at the Pros pect Park Fair Grounds yesterday afternoon to note the result of a match of \$200 between Israel Denton's bay gelding Unexpected, to wagon, and H. W. Howe's brown mare Kate, in harness, mile heats, best three in five. Kate had the call in the betting 2 to 1. She won the race in three straight heats, much to the disgust of Uuexpected's friends.

The following is a

SUMMARY.

PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS, L. I., August 5,Match, \$200, mile heats, best three in five.
Hiram W, Howe's, br. m., Kate, in harness... 1
Israei Denton's, b. g., Unexpected, to wagon. 2

2

TIME.	12.000	
Quarter.	Haly.	Mile
irst heat 44	1:26	2:5
econd heat	1:26	2:5
hird beat.	1:25	2;5